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Esther Dancing

BY ROBERT HILLYER

Speak not nor stir. Here music is alive,
Woven from those swift fingers, strong and light,
Marching across those singing hands, or shed
Slowly, like echoes down the muffled night,
Or beautifully translated, note by note,
Some fainter voice, rhapsodic and remote,
Or shaken out in melodies that dive
Clear into fathoms of profounder things,
Then suddenly again on rising wings,
Burst into sun and hover overhead.

Incarnate music flashing into form
Fled from the vineyards of melodious Greece,
Feet that have flown before the gathering storm
Or glanced in gardens of the Golden Fleece,
Face atune to all the songs that mass
Their gusts of passion on the sunlit grass,
Image of lyric hope and veiled despair,
Like them, thou shalt unutterably pass
Into the silence and the shadowed air.



Release

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

They tell how somewhere in the sombre vast,
Beyond the world's incessant wash of air,
Our souls like unleashed falcons find it fair
To merge their wings and fly as one at last:
Fear fades—the future swims into the past,
The present is a myth, and the swift snare
Of time that meshed our pinions everywhere
Shrivels away and only Love is fast.

Love only, when the wheels of every hour
Heavy with heartache press upon us, Love
Binds up with bloom the agony thereof
And stems the bleeding spirit in a flower . . .
Even the Love that surges through the stars
And by a heartbeat levels mountain-bars!